



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 220.

The Principles of Nature.

THE PAST.

ITS ORACLES, PROPHECIES, PRODIGES, VISIONS, ETC.
BY A. M. FOSTER.

In the present article I propose to consider in part the prodigies that are related of some that have been teachers of men in the Past, confining it to matters of marvel clustering about their birth and early years.

It is not my design to indorse the statements concerning either of the characters to be introduced, for I could not, if I would, have any other proof of their reality than is found in history, unless corroboration is to be found in the laws of God in man. I cite them, then, as *historical facts*.

Nor could I for a moment stand clear of a just imputation of prejudices, did I express unbelief of the matters stated as regards a Zoroaster or Pythagoras, while I should be enthusiastic in the reception of all that is written of Christna or Esculapius. Nor can I find a manly, noble, God-like disposition in one who rejects the records of Plato, and accepts only those of the Judean Teacher as having been actual and wholly to be relied upon. To ask men to acknowledge one class of historical facts, and unqualifiedly ignore other historical facts as fabrications or heathen fancies, when no item of impeaching testimony is present to one that is not to the other, is a degree of absurdity I can not abide. No court of equity or justice would ever treat testimonies in such a manner, and a witness so testifying would scarcely be admitted as worthy of attention.

Having relation to matters that may well tax our credulity, I adduce these prodigies, that a *distinct line of similarity* and peculiar resemblance may be observed, if any shall exist and to show also how it is possible, if one class of these prodigies are facts, that there may run a law of God or man throughout all the Volume of Humanity. This law will be found in the probable fact that these last mentioned are reliable, or mostly so, while the others being *prior* by many centuries, and so singularly like these last, can not be the counterfeit of them; but being of the same general nature are therefore to be received as equally reliable. Many other thoughts will suggest themselves as we proceed.

Polytheism has been in all ages the almost unexceptionable dogma of all the nations of earth. In common with this is that of the Deity or gods having been at various times *incarnated*, and that they have "dwelt among men." Herodotus says of the Egyptians that "from the first king to the priest of Vulcan, who last reigned, there were three hundred and forty-one generations of men, equal to ten thousand years. Thus they said, in eleven thousand three hundred and forty years, no god had assumed the form of a man; neither, they said, had any such a thing happened before or afterward in the time of the remaining kings of Egypt. That, indeed before the time of these men gods had been the rulers of Egypt and *dwelt among men*, and that one of them always had supreme power,

and that Orus the son of Osiris, whom the Greeks called Apollo, was the last who reigned over it. Now Osiris in the Grecian language means Bacchus."

Perhaps one of the most popular of these incarnations—of God manifest in the flesh—is that of Christna, one of the Hindoo deities. I say *most popular*, since it has probably been accepted and relied upon by more of the human family, than any other. According to Sir William Jones, the narrative of Christna dates about two thousand and five hundred years from the present. Christna was the subject of prophecy, and that under peculiar conditions; for a king and tyrant, whose name was Cansa, "returning from the wedding of his sister Devaci, *heard a voice* declare, 'The eighth son of Devaci is destined to be thy destroyer.' Alarmed at this he put his sister and her husband into prison, guarded by seven iron doors, and when a son was born, he caused him to be destroyed immediately. When Devaci became pregnant the eighth time her countenance was radiant with a celestial light. Bramah (the Deity) and Siva (one of the Hindoo Trinity) with a host of attendant Spirits came to her and sung, 'In thy delivery, O, favored among women, all nations shall have cause to exult. How ardently we long to behold that face for the sake of which we have coursed round three worlds? The seasons preceding this birth were genial and uncommonly regular, the winds were hushed, and the rivers glided tranquilly. At midnight, when the Sustainer of All was about to be born, the clouds emitted low musical sounds, and poured down a shower of flowers. When the celestial infant appeared, a chorus of heavenly Spirits saluted him with hymns. The whole room was illuminated and the countenances of his father and mother emitted rays of glory. Their understandings were opened, and they knew him to be the Preserver of the World, and began to worship him. But he soon closed their minds, and while his mother was weeping over him, because of the cruel decrees of her tyrannical brother, a voice was distinctly heard, saying, 'Son of Yadu, carry this child to Gokul, on the other side of the river Jumna, to Nanda, whose wife has just given birth to a daughter. Leave him and bring the girl hither.' Vasudeva inquired, 'How is that possible in a prison so closely guarded?' The voice replied, 'The doors will open of themselves, and I have caused a deep sleep to fall on the guards.' Then Vasudeva took the child in his arms, the doors opened, and he passed out. When he returned, the prison gates opened, the guards were all asleep, and he delivered the girl to his wife. Representations of his flight, with the babe at midnight, are sculptured on the walls of the ancient Hindoo temples. Even in infancy he attracted attention by the miracles he performed."

In the Sanscrit Dictionary, compiled more than two thousand years ago, we have the whole history of the incarnate Deity born of a virgin, and miraculously escaping in his infancy from the reigning tyrant of his country.

Leaving the history of Christna, I will next consider that of Boudha Sakia Mouni, a Hindoo deity also, and the popular

belief is, that he was an incarnation of Vishnu, and that he had previously appeared on the earth at different epochs, for the instruction and salvation of mankind. Various dates are given of his appearance. Sir William Jones makes it about one thousand years B. C. His mother's name was Mahamala, as by M. Hue, a late writer and Catholic Missionary to China, to whose researches I am largely indebted. He gives us the following concerning Boudha:

The word Boudha, (or Boudha) is a very ancient generic name having in Sanscrit a double root. The one signifies being, existence; the other wisdom, superior intelligence. It is the name by which was originally designated the creative omnipotent God. In the eyes of Buddhists this personage is sometimes a man, sometimes a god, or rather he is both one and the other. He is a divine incarnation, a man-god who came into the world to enlighten men, to redeem them and point out to them the way of salvation. This idea of redemption of the human race is so general and popular among the Buddhists, that we have every where found it reduced to a neat formula expressed in remarkable terms. If we addressed to a Mongul or a Thibetan this question, "Who is Boudha?" he replied instantly, "The Saviour of Men." The marvellous birth of Boudha, his life and instructions, contain a *great number of moral truths and dogmas* professed in Christianity and which we need not be surprised to find also among other nations; these truths are traditional and have always belonged to the heritage of humanity. Soutadanna, chief of the house of Chakia, of the caste of the Brahmins, reigned in India. He married Mahamala, but did not consummate his marriage with her. She, although a virgin, conceived by divine influence, and brought into the world a son. The child received the name of Ardha Chiddi, and was immediately recognized as a divine person, it being foretold that he would surpass in holiness all preceding incarnations.

The account given by Maria L. Child, is substantially the same as that by M. Hue, but contains other items, for which I give it a place:

His mother, Mala, (same as Mahamala) is said to have been a virgin who conceived him from a ray of light. Tradition affirms that his mother was married to a rajah, and of course her son belonged to the same royal caste that Christna did. The advent of Boudha is thus recorded: It was at the close of the Dwapar Yug, that he who is Omnipotent and everlastingly to be contemplated, the Supreme Being, the Eternal One, the Divinity worthy to be adored, appeared in this ocean of natural beings with a portion of his divine nature. It is said a marvellous light shone at his birth, and the Ganges rose and fell in a remarkable manner.

And now a word concerning Zoroaster, who, according to Aristotle, Pliny and others, lived about five thousand years before the Trojan war, or about eight thousand years from the present. Plutarch says five hundred years before the Trojan war. The Persians seem to regard him as more ancient than Moses. It seems to me that such minds as Aristotle and Pliny were as fully likely to know as much at least of this matter as any living since.

Tradition says of his mother that she had alarming dreams of Evil Spirits seeking to destroy the child, to whom she was about to give birth. But a good Spirit said to her, "Fear nothing, Ormuzd will protect this infant. He has sent him to be a prophet to the people. The world is waiting for him." The Persians considered him a divine messenger sent

to redeem men from their evil ways, and they always worshipped his memory.

Next in order is Esculapius. And introductorily, I incline to quote from Mr. Addison's Versification of the Prophecies of the Life and Actions of Esculapius, from the Metamorphoses of Ovid:

"Once, as the Sacred Infant she surveyed,
The God was kindled in the raving maid;
And thus she uttered her prophetic tale:
Hail, great Physician of the world! all Hail!
Hail, mighty Infant, who in years to come
Shall heal the nations and defraud the tomb!
Swift be thy growth, thy triumphs unconfined,
Make kingdoms thicken, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw thy thunder on the guilty head.
Thou shalt die, but from thy dark abode
Shall rise victorious, and be twice a god."

Among the Greeks it was believed that the god Apollo had represented Esculapius as his son by a voice from the oracle, and it is a striking coincidence, that we find the Christian father, Eusebius, attempting to prove the divinity of Jesus Christ from an answer given by the same oracle. By the mother's side, Esculapius was the son of Coronis, who had received the embraces of a god, and to conceal her condition from her parents, she went to Epilemus, and was delivered of a son, whom she exposed on the Mount of Myrtles. When Aristhenes, the goat-herd, in search of a goat and a dog missing from his fold, discovered the child, he would have carried it to his home had he not, in approaching to lift him up, perceived his head encircled with fiery rays, which made him believe the child to be divine. The voice of fame soon published the birth of a miraculous infant, upon which the people flocked from all quarters to behold the heaven-born child. Esculapius was said to have raised the dead, by his skill, and performed astonishing cures, for which he became worshiped as a god.

Of PLATO, Olympiodorus says:

He came into the world by his mother Perictione, who was descended from Neleus, the son of Codrus. For they say that Apollo in a vision had intercourse with his mother, and appearing in the night to Ariston ordered him to have no connection with Perictione until the time of her bringing forth, and he so acted. And his parents taking him after his birth, and when he was still an infant, placed him on Mount Hymettus, intending to make him a sacrifice to the deities there. But while he was lying there, bees came and filled his mouth with honey from the comb, in order that it might be said truly of him, "From his mouth flowed a voice, than honey far more sweet." And he calls himself on every side a fellow slave with the swans, as if he had proceeded from Apollo, for the bird belongs to Apollo.

Upon the tomb of Plato the Athenians inscribed the following:

"These two, Esculapius and Plato, did Apollo beget,
One that he might save the soul, the other the body."

There are others whose paternity has been considered as of divine origin, but as I had only purposed considering such individuals as were teachers of men, and having already mentioned so many, I will close my present paper by an earnest appeal to my readers, that they either preserve the present copy of the *Spiritualist*, or so retain the general features of the incarnations mentioned in this, in their memory, as that they can connect intelligently the present to the next and only succeeding article upon this peculiar subject. I do so, that I may avoid, as much as may be, repetition; the more so, as the following paper will occupy a field not usually found, and I fancy one that can not fail of deeply interesting the mind of any candid reader.—*N. E. Spiritualist*.

ELMIRA, N. Y. May, 1856.

MEETING OF THE SPIRITS.

BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.

Are—"Meeting of the Waters."

"O, there is not a spot in the wide world so sweet,
As the home where the Spirits with earth-children meet;
Though ever so lowly that home may be found,
The foot-steps of angels will hallow the ground.
There will come those bright guests from the land far away,
To shed o'er earth's darkness the light of their day;
There the dear ones who left us in sadness and pain,
Will come back and greet us in gladness again.
As they love the pure bosom where virtue resides,
So they pity the erring whom ignorance guides;
They watch round the death-bed, they hear our last sigh,
And they bear the freed Spirit to bright worlds on high.
In these glorious reunions, how love fills the soul!
How all its rude passions are held in control!
O the air that we breathe is perfumed with the breath
Of the angels who teach us to triumph o'er death."

It is a vulgar notion that politeness is only required toward superiors. But the truth is, every man ought to regard his fellow-man, or friend, as his superior, and treat him accordingly. Such feelings the real gentleman always has.

Original.

NOTES BY AN ITINERANT.

LEBANON SPRINGS, July 4, 1856.

A Fourth of July Ramble and Reverie—The Shakers—Holy Mount—The Springs of Lebanon, etc.

Dear Telegraph—I suppose that I differ in my mode from all the corps of lecturers on Spiritualism. Well, God be thanked, he has given us the spirit of freedom; and while some, like the eagle in flight, soar over the earth and here and there light on some great point, others, like more humble birds, are seen and heard in more common places; and some, like myself, may be compared to the robin, that simple rustic bird of the hedges and lanes. Well, it is the same spirit, as of old, "one after this manner and another after that." I like the country—I like the citizens of the county.

"God made the country and man made the town,"

says one of the most worthy of the poets. I have changed my opinion of this saying somewhat, but yet it contains much truth, I think. And Spiritualism must needs find its way to the hamlet to be most powerfully and successfully triumphant in the world. But I have just returned from a ramble through the fields and up the mountains, and the spirit of '76 has baptized me afresh. The good spirits preserve that noble document, the Declaration of Independence! Ye Spirits of Washington, of Jefferson, of Adams, of Franklin, and of Hancock, how blessed the thought that ye yet live to labor for the fulfillment of that glorious truth, "that all men are free and equal before God." But to my ramble.

The morning opened pleasant, and I sat out at once, as I had promised myself a day of *abandon*. The folks were already bestirring themselves in their holiday attire, and a boy at the porch of the inn was busy with his own made cannon, just like myself when I was at his age, and so I had to stop and see him fire it off two or three times before I could start. I had determined to walk over to the Shaker village, a mile or two from the Springs, in the first place; and so inquiring the way, I sauntered toward the pile of red and yellow buildings in the distance. I was somewhat prepared to visit them from the communications which have appeared from time to time in the *Telegraph*, from the pen of Mr. Evans, of this same society, and from other sources. I must confess that I already regarded them with some considerable interest, and having been from my early youth a devout reader of the Word, especially in its historical parts, I felt its wonted fires rekindle in my breast as I advanced; for here I knew were a people that looked to their history as the fulfillment of that wondrous volume, and their name carried me back to ancient Lebanon, fitly typified by the mountains before me. But first came Canaan, after passing a beautiful sheet of water that called to mind the Dead Sea which was on the borders of the promised land, and now commenced the Shaker settlement. Passing through Canaan without calling (as I contemplated visiting New Lebanon, the principal of the Shaker societies) I merely looked at their houses and gardens, which were middling, *i. e.*, the latter, while the houses were after the—I believe—set Shaker fashion, for they were like all that I have ever seen. I soon arrived at New Lebanon, and called at the office, opposite which an intelligent, though brusque looking farmer, stood with his team in the road laden with a reaping and mowing machine, conversing with one of the brethren in a blue frock. They were evidently engaged on profound topics, as the individual in the wagon insisted "that the man who made this world made everything right," which declaration he endeavored to sustain with his broad brimmed opponent. The latter, however, was plainly satisfied with his prowess on the occasion, and preceded me into the office. Having obtained permission to visit their gardens and grounds, I walked forth alone to do so. Everything had a very neat and tidy appearance about their dwellings and out-houses. Here the gardens were quite well kept also, but nothing extra about them, as the brother said. If the reader has a tolerably correct idea of red and yellow (especially of the latter color) and of big beams, and long-roofed houses, he has a better idea of New Lebanon than my descriptive powers could give him, so I will not dwell on its external appearance any farther.

I saw but little of the society (as indeed I did not care to, in my ramble) save of one here and there engaged at his labor, and the sisterhood passing to and fro. Were it not that I knew some little of the society, I should have accused them of *women's folly, the fashions*. But I had heard of the origin of

the peculiar shaped bonnets which are worn so generally at present by young misses. It was told me as being shown in a vision. I like the style very much for its simplicity and purity, although our fashionables may not be aware of its origin among the despised Shakers.

I now turned my steps up the mountain in front of the village, which I believe they call *Holy Mount*, as also the society. Alone I wended my way up amid murmuring brooks. As I ascended, the memories of my youth came up in living forms, and I stood again by the Mount of God—Holy Zion—and in the city of David. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem," etc., came gushing forth as of former times. But it would not do; the stream ceased; I have become prone; "the iron has entered my soul," as I have changed from youth to manhood, and I fear I am growing hard at heart. Alas! it is not so. I love the face of man, and I love to think of God, firmer, clearer, stronger than in my youthful years. It is the glare, the show, the tinsel only that has passed away.

I rested in my ascent as the view opened below me, and was struck with the similarity of the situation to the ancient Jewish city, Jerusalem. Mountains were "round about" the village on all sides. Again I commenced my ascent, and applied the lever of memory to the floodgates of my feelings; but it would not do; I must be content to look at the sheep on the sides before me, and admire the beautiful scenery. I soon reached the top where a plain-looking building, enclosed in a plain fence, marked the sacred spot. I entered at a little gate, and my attention was attracted by a small inclosure. Before its entrance stood the remains of what had been a stone, apparently of indifferent marble. It was broken quite even with its socket. Some ruthless hand had done this, and a brother said, in speaking of it, "He would not like to be in his place." I think the body of ALEX LEE does not rest here, though it is from some cause or other a very sacred spot to the Shaker. The stone contained some pious sentence, and perhaps, as I was told, there was inscribed upon it some divine and awful malediction. I was reminded of the stone at Shakespeare's tomb, on which these lines are said to have been inscribed, written by himself:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blessed be he who spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves my bones.

They doubtless have saved the poet's remains from desecration; and when, on making some repairs at Avon, as Irving relates in his sketch, the old sexton watched day and night, until the work was done, as he told him, though he made bold to look in where the earth had caved at his tomb. I thought it was something, adds the devout narrator, "to see the dust of Shakespeare," so universal is the sentiment of what may perhaps be termed superstitious or unreasonable regard. But I must do the young Shaker the justice to add, that when I questioned him as to what he meant, he explained himself by saying, that it was the effect of the act on the person's mind—that people broke stones to macadamize roads with—and that a man could not be in a very good state of mind who would break a grave-stone even. Well done, young Shaker, thought I.

The view from the summit was beautiful indeed, where the building was. A circle of mountains from the west spread round on either hand to the north and south. Back toward the east the view was hid by a thick forest; and here my thoughts reverted to the Bible again, where by the *east*, as Swedenborg says, is meant the *LOVE*. But muttering thunder in the concealed distance warned me of a storm, and I hastened to descend. As I came to the open front the storm was already rapidly coming on, and I quickened my speed down the mountain; but before I reached the road the rain descended in torrents, and my umbrella proved but a poor protection, and I was drenched to the skin before the flying rain in the impetuous wind. I was in no plight to stop, but hastened for my lodgings at the Springs, which I soon happily reached by the aid of a carriage which overtook me on the road.

The sun is now shining out again as though nothing had happened to hundreds of poor wights out on the holiday, like myself, and I am dryly and comfortably scratching away at my "notes" in my pleasant, tidy room. This is a fine retreat indeed. I never saw so fine a spring as the principal spring is. Of the same temperature winter and summer (which is rather warm than cold) the water springs up in gaseous bubbles, and

delivers the astonishing amount of fourteen barrels per minute without cessation. A goodly sized mill, called the Spring Mill, is turned by it, from which fact some idea may be had of the magnitude of the Lebanon Springs. But I have scratched enough (literally—for I have a shocking bad pen in my holder) for one turn; and besides the visitors are assembling together to the sound of music. But I may take up a portion of my subject again, as I contemplate an *internal* visit to the *Shakers* in my next, and especially their meetings, which everybody talks of hereabouts—some with ridicule. But heresay is not the best kind of evidence while there are other means of information. And the Shakers have extended the only cordial hand to Spiritualists, I believe. Wherefore, it is our duty to consider them dispassionately, especially, and from correct knowledge.

Fraternally, BENJAMIN GREAVES.

FRUITS OF SPIRITUALISM.

MR. BRITTAN:

However potent odyle and biology have become, in accounting for *modern* Spiritualism, there are many well-disposed people who admit a spiritual origin of these phenomena, but aver that the Spirits are *evil*, and therefore think it highly improper to have anything to do with them, and are exceedingly shy lest they fall into a snare of the Devil to entrap unstable souls and lead them on to ruin.

Much as I respect the *opinions* of my fellow Christians, and venerate the Bible, I find it necessary to have an *opinion* of my own. There is a great diversity of doctrines based on the understanding of the same truths by diverse minds—so much so that circumstances and teachings lead to the adoption of the one or the other, be they true or false—and habit, self-love or something worse, will lead men to battle for their creeds, as though the salvation of the world depended upon their peculiar views.

This being the case with spirits in the body, I am not surprised that the old leaven sticks to them when freed from their clogs of earth, and that they thus also teach divers doctrines. What then? Shall we for that reason reject the whole as unworthy of consideration in the search for truth? No; the same reason, so far as teaching or understanding it is concerned, would apply with equal force against the Bible, which the Indian saw who told the missionary to "go home, and when they who could read the Book could agree as to its teachings, and were of one mind, then they might come and he would hear them."

That the Devil may appear in the garb of an angel of light, I am willing to admit; but the cloven foot will protrude, be his robe ever so long, and the lie must be apparent to the truthful mind so soon as uttered. Beside we have God's promises to lead us into all truth, and it is enjoined upon us to prove the Spirits, whether in or out of the body. It is my duty to desire truth and purity of mind, and being conscious of this desire, by a life of watchfulness and prayer, to trust in God, and defy the Devil.

I am aware that the word "devil" would read as well without the "d." Yet when I am told that the cordial "God bless you," and heavenly admonitions, and truly pure and holy teachings purporting to come from a dear brother, a beloved, pious sister, a cherished daughter, a fond and truthful wife and kind friends in the Spirit-world, in words of comfort and sympathy that loved and living ones alone could give—when I am told that all this comes from some arch deceiver, or some *hocus pocus*, I am asked to believe too much, especially when they come through media of my own family, under circumstances that preclude all ground for doubt or mistrust.

How can I be led to believe that the Devil has turned a preacher of righteousness, and is engaged in the labor of Love to turn us to Jesus and his way for salvation? He necessarily ceases to be a devil, if such be the case, as my experience has proved; beside Jesus himself when accused of being leagued with Beelzebub, truly says, "A house divided must fall," etc. And why reject positive knowledge of a truth, emanate whence it may?

To show the character of what is sometimes received from Spirits, permit me to copy a communication purporting to come from a mother to her child, a youth aged sixteen, through a highly intellectual lady of Philadelphia, who spent a few weeks at my house to recruit her health and escape from the importunity of her friends who resorted to her as a truthful writing

medium. Seated along side of the young man at the tea-table, she became, after great resistance, entranced, and when removed to a table where a pencil and paper were at hand, in a semi-conscious manner, she wrote the following with great rapidity:

I did so long to speak to my child! I did long to tell him that his mother watched over him, and ever strives to turn his mind to good.

My child, seek the companionship of those who are of good habits; seek the companionship of those who try to excel. Be not content to do as well as others do, but lay out for yourself a path of duty; lay out for yourself rules of conduct, and if you wish to know the right from the wrong, read God's Holy Word; and when you read, pray for wisdom, and if you want for a standard of right! behold one is given you in the person of the man Christ Jesus—the sent of God, the anointed, the Holy one of Israel. And O, may he be to you, my child, the Lord Jesus! Look to him ever; he is the way, the truth and the life; he is truthful; and to be truthful you must be prayerful. It is God alone that gives you strength to resist the temptations of the world. It is the Lord Jesus, the anointed of God, that will give his Spirit to combat evil, and grace will be given you freely, if you will but ask, whereby all and every action of your life will become holy and acceptable unto the Lord.

My child, you are not alone; kind friends ever strive to do you good. Oh, be grateful to them for their kindness, and make it a part of your life's duty to show them that you are mindful of their love.

My child, a wise God took from you in your early infancy a mother. That same wise God has continued to you the life of your father. Be to him a loving child; let not duty alone satisfy your mind. Oh! no. Love and reverence your father, so long as life is continued to you. When far away from his side—when distant lands separate you from the glance of his eye—remember then his precepts, his loving counsel, and say ever to yourself, "I will never forget, never be unmindful of his love, and never forget his counsel." So shall length of days, and a righteous, honorable, manhood be thine to enjoy.

Improve thy time; pass not thy idle hours among loiterers, or among those whose lives are lives of vanity. Study, read, pause; reflect and ponder well over all thou doest. Heed the holy ordinances of the Lord thy God; trifle not with holy things, neither despise reproof though it please thee not.

In the silent hour of the night, think of thy disembodied mother; think of one whose dwelling-place is far, far beyond the pale moon's circuit; think of her as one who needeth not the flickering light of the stars, nor the full glory of the beaming sun. Oh! no. She dwelleth amid the light of pure intelligences; she is now enshrined among the living immortalities of Jehovah. Her place is among the redeemed—her crown of rejoicing shines with a light more resplendent than the sun—more glorious than ten thousand of your earth's rainbows. All this I would share with the loved ones of my bosom—all this is the rightful inheritance of those, who, turning away from the lusts of the flesh, seek Jesus in their youth, and ever strive to keep the commandments of their Heavenly Father.

My child, farewell. Keep these my words near thy heart—forget them not. As you grow in wisdom, seek that knowledge that will enable you to well perform the duties of your life on earth. In all that you do strive to excel—not with vanity and self-complacency—but in meekness, and with an aspiration for truth. Be ever watchful of your interest, and seek ever those associations which will be not only for your worldly advancement, but future good.

Be charitable; show ever good feelings toward those who are less favored than yourself. If you have nothing but a cup of water to give, give it with God's blessing in your heart; drink of the living spring yourself, and thus you may show unto others where their thirst may be quenched.

Be a living witness to the truth; be in all things temperate; be just, honest, and ever seek the higher, truer things that belong to the Spirit. Thus sustained, thus taught, you will pass safely through the fiery ordeal of life, and with God's grace and blessing, live ever to the joy of all who are near and dear to you. Once more, farewell!

The above was written in the presence of my son, under circumstances in which it could not otherwise than make, as it did, a very deep impression on his mind. The frequent perusal of a copy of it led him to become serious, circumspect, and greatly altered for the better; and during a revival, lately, in one of our most zealous orthodox churches, he went forward with others to the anxious bench, and became, as they call it, hopefully converted. He now rejoices in having found Jesus a precious advocate and Savior to the joy of his soul.

Apart from pious fraud, such a production can have no evil origin. With such results, Orthodoxy at least has no right to complain; and as I consider myself an orthodox Christian, I for one rejoice that what I believed as the teaching of the gospel of our Lord and Savior, has in every instance of my experience, been confirmed by Spiritualism, and my faith has received therefrom an assurance amounting to positive knowledge.

Yours for the truth, J. STAUFFER.
MOUNT JOY, PA.

A virtuous sentiment grows calm without being weakened; a wrong passion is agitated, though about to be extinguished. That which is not in order is by its nature mortal; that which belongs to virtue belongs to immortality.

LESSONS OF THE PAST.

BY WILLIAM FISHBROUGH.

All men wake to consciousness in this world without the benefit of the experience and intelligence of those who have gone before them. If allowed to grow up in confinement to the narrow sphere of life and reflection which, by his unaided efforts, he is able to form for himself, a person would be apt to place an undue estimate upon his native genius, or upon those acquisitions of intelligence from the domains of outer and inner nature to which his own independent researches and mental penetration might lead him. Not seeing around him any intellectual luminary which he is willing to recognize as superior to himself, and being entirely ignorant of the great minds that have preceded him in the history of the world, he would often be tempted to think himself among the greatest lights that had ever arisen in the mental firmament, and even to spurn with contempt any intellectual or spiritual developments which he would suppose could have preceded his own favored era in the world's progress.

But the self-complacency and lofty pretensions of all such would be sufficiently rebuked by a proper survey of the panorama of the past ages, and by an introduction to the long line of poets, philosophers, artists, moralists, prophets, seers and statesmen whose memory is preserved in the records of history, and in the imperishable truths and institutions which they have been instrumental in unfolding. There are but few who could study, with a proper spirit, the great men, great thoughts and great deeds of past generations, and retain any exalted opinion of their own comparative merits, or without learning that all ages have been more or less fruitful of human and providential guides by which they and all future generations of mankind might greatly profit if they would but humbly receive the lessons they impart.

Never, for example, was there a poet superior to Homer; never a sculptor superior to Phidias; never a legislator superior to Lycurgus; never an orator superior to Demosthenes; never a philosopher superior to Plato; never were there artistic constructions superior to those which adorned the cities of Babylon, Thebes and Athens; never was there a code of national laws more equitable than those of Moses; and never were there spiritual teachings that were equal in their divine purity and saving influence, to those of Jesus the Lord; and it may be added, never was there folly and presumption equal to that of those superficial and self-conceited sciolists of the present day who would close their eyes to all the great lights of the past, on the supposition that they must necessarily be superior to the whole of them, because, forsooth, this is the nineteenth century.

Hear, O my fellow infant in true wisdom, who art strong in the self-appropriated "progression" which thou conceivest to belong to thine own age, and know that this nineteenth century of ours is only the *child* of which the many thousands of years that are past are the *parent*. If, therefore, this child sees into intellectual territory a little beyond the *horizon* which bounded the vision of its parent, it is only because it stands upon its parent's *shoulders*. It should not, therefore, vauntingly exclaim, "Behold how tall am I!" but should remember that were it not for the brawny shoulders and stalwart frame of that venerable old man upon whom it stands, it would still be in its drizzling babyhood rising but a cubit above the ground. It should also remember that while it now has a more extended range of *horizontal* vision, revealing more objects belonging to the *earth*, the old man from his very infancy has been able to look as high over head into the heavens as it now can, and has been studying heavenly objects and heavenly sciences, and growing wise in interior things, for six thousand years. Let the child, then, humbly search into the archives of that massive brain covered by the hoary locks of the venerable old sire, and appropriate to itself the wisdom and experience of all past humanity; and in this way it will grow truly wiser and better, while at the same time it will grow less presumptuous and self-conceited.

It is hoped that the foregoing suggestions will not prove profitless to readers of any class, while they are specially dedicated to those who suppose that we must *now* have spiritual revelations superior to those produced in *any* preceding age, simply because "*this is the nineteenth century.*"

—Christian Spiritualist.



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856.

PEOPLE AND THEIR CLOTHES.

We shall not startle the world with the announcement of a new truth when we say that all men are not alike. Physically, one is strong and another weak. One is erect while another is bowed down. We occasionally meet with a man whose body is developed to colossal proportions, and again, with one whose growth was arrested in early childhood, and who, after Nature had exhausted her power in efforts to unfold the animal economy, is left a mere pigmy at last.

There are a large number of dwarfs in the country, enough to form a respectable society, provided of course that respectability is to depend on numbers. At a grand council, convened for grave and solemn deliberation on questions the most momentous, a committee was appointed to ascertain the exact dimensions of the most diminutive specimen of humanity. At the same meeting a resolution was offered and adopted, requiring all men within a certain district to have their coats made after that measure. Subsequently, it was suggested that unsuitable materials might be used or improper persons employed in the manufacture. It was accordingly moved that *second-hand garments* be furnished by the association, to all men in the district, which was accordingly agreed to. There were, however, several full grown men who objected to the resolution as contrary to the laws of Nature, arbitrary and oppressive, and who claimed the right to furnish their own coats. But the association had decided to monopolize this branch of business, and these men were accordingly discharged from the establishment.

The foot of a Chinese maiden may correspond in size to the growth of early childhood, but a foot that has never been subject to any artificial restraint, can not be so compressed as to occupy the same space without great violence and extreme pain. Nevertheless, at a recent convocation in the Celestial Empire, it was resolved that the standard of that country was right, and that all people should have shoes made after their measure. It was objected that this course would be unnatural, and that shoes should be large or small according to the size of the feet. But one arose and reading a passage from a sacred book, proceeded to prove that Nature was not the standard in the Celestial Empire; that if some persons have large feet the fault is theirs, and that it was the legitimate business of the meeting to determine the size of shoes, which was accordingly done.

This attempt to restrain, compress and distort Nature that her developments might correspond to an artificial and arbitrary standard, was wrong. Nature claims a higher reverence. The wants of the individual man should be respected. Every one must be allowed to have garments made after *his own* measure. Inasmuch as feet were made before shoes, we strongly suspect that the shoe should be fitted to the foot, and not the foot to the shoe. We rest in this conclusion though the advocate of the popular supernaturalism will hardly perceive the force of the argument.

In mental growth and spiritual development, men vary as widely as in their physical size and conformation. Indeed, intellectually the diversity is perhaps greater. Some minds are expanded, profound and god-like, others are contracted, superficial and grovelling. One is qualified to stand on the great dome of the material universe; to traverse the illimitable fields of Nature, or to penetrate like a fire spirit to the center of material elements and spiritual forces. Other minds there are, whose sphere of thought is earthly, and circumscribed by the lines and barriers which time, and custom, and prejudice have defined. Some mount upward as on eagle's wings into the pure air and the unclouded sunlight, while others walk or crawl about in low, dark places, like beasts and creeping things.

Thus there are minds in every stage of development, from the helpless infant intellect, up to the expanded soul, whose foot-prints are in the clouds, and whose transparent form and heaven-irradiated brow find a place in the mansions of the Spirit home.

The mind as well as the body must be clothed. Our theories, opinions, and the various forms of thought, constitute the clothing of the mind. At the same time, it must be confessed that many articles in the mental wardrobe have been worn so long, that they are little better than filthy rags. He who labors to divest the mind of its old clothes, and to invest it with new and more beautiful forms of thought, is as much a benefactor as he who robs a beggar of his tattered garments, only that he may be arrayed in a shining vesture.

Well, every man must have a faith large or small; his views must be contracted or expanded, according to his own growth, and these must assume a variety of forms suited to the peculiarities of mental conformation in the individual. Thus the received forms of thought at any period, must necessarily correspond to the stage of intellectual development. The clothing of the mind must be fitted to the mind itself. It is not strange, therefore, that the dwarfed intellect can not entertain the great thoughts of the unfolded Spirit. The little soul would be as essentially lost under such circumstances, as the urchin of six years would be in the immensity of his grandfather's coat. A small man may be better suited with small clothes. In such a case, it would be poor economy to provide large ones. But if there be one whose manly form requires a full pattern, it is his privilege to have it; or at least, it is a matter between him and his tailor, with which we have no concern. So a man may find a small faith sufficiently large for his accommodation. If so, there exists no good reason why he should have a large one. We would not urge upon the child in spiritual development, a faith that is suited to the full-grown man. Such a prodigality in the use of materials would be quite unnecessary, if not inexcusable. A narrow, bigoted spirit, no more requires an expanded generous faith, than a dwarf needs a giant's coat, or a ground mole a lion's skin. The clothing of the mind must vary in size and form so as to suit every degree of development; and we may as well determine the size of coats and shoes for other men, as to define the limits of faith and the sphere of thought for other minds. It should be observed that the spiritual development does not always correspond with the growth of the body. A man may be a giant physically, while the infant spirit is yet in its *small clothes*; by which we mean those forms of thought which are put on in the nursery; and are only fitted to the mind in its rudimental state.

Finally we maintain that every man has a perfect right to select garments suited to his body and mind, and that clothes are not more valuable *because they have been worn a long time*.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

A DISTINGUISHED literary friend has handed us the following observations on the dangerous tendencies of Secret Societies. We do not altogether agree with our correspondent. Secrecy is sometimes resorted to for the purpose of *preserving treasures*, whilst many crimes are perpetrated openly, and in the light of day. If a man prefers to go alone to his closet for self-examination and devotion; if he chooses to bestow alms in secret, not even letting "his left hand know what the right hand doeth;" or if he be pleased to do any other good thing, without "sounding a trumpet," we certainly have no objection. We are, however, opposed to all wrong doing, and lament that so many men can perpetrate unrighteous acts in their individual capacity. Secrecy is not indispensable to the success of corrupt men since a large number of this class succeed by advertising. One word more: the Iscariots and Arnolds have not in all cases found it necessary to *get up an institution* in order to consummate their work:

In a country where freedom of speech and action, within all reasonable limits exist, where the people are sovereign, and the public voice is the supreme tribunal, no good purpose can be subserved by secret societies, which can not be equally well or better effected by undisguised means. Secret societies are opposed to the genius and safety of the Republic. We are not speaking with reference to any particular society or organization, political or religious, but of the general principles involved in this class of societies without regard to their special character. Nothing that is true, honest, moral and patriotic, needs the aid of secrecy, mystery or darkness. It is open, frank communication alone, that can render mankind a real brotherhood; and every sect, clan, caste, creed and institution that aids in dividing so-

ciety into classes, and keeping up differences by means of exclusive formulas, signs and watchwords, is a bulwark against the world's common freedom and progress, and an ally of intolerance and despotism.

It is claimed that *secret societies*—many of them at least—are a specially effective mode of uniting classes for the accomplishment of charitable and other good purposes. If a man practices charity or philanthropy on the principle of gratifying the noble attributes and sympathies of a true manhood, he requires no promptings from secret associations to spur his impulses or his judgment. All the secret societies ever instituted, fall short in the plain and simple teaching of the whole duty to man—to his God, himself, and his fellow-man—of the precept-and-example-lesson of Christ.

Instead of secret societies, charitable though they be, enlarging man's charitableness, benevolence, and love for man, they restrict his better nature into a narrow channel, as compared with its action governed by the sublime teachings of the great gospel of humanity. He into whose soul the Divine Spirit has truly entered, feels his heart and hand open to all men, when offices of courtesy, friendship, love or kindness are required; he needs no secret grip or sign to quicken his sympathy for a brother in distress; there is no class-limit to his charity. Not so with the Secret Society man. He especially recognizes the brethren of his cast. For no others will he do and suffer so much. His sympathies are abridged, and his whole action, in so far as charity goes, is made selfish—depending on the expectation of like benefits in return. Indeed, he enters into a compact to practice charity on the principle of *quid pro quo*. It is not enough for him that the seal and image of God are stamped on his fellow-man.

Secret societies are a political and social evil. They aim, directly if not intentionally, at the destruction of our greatest safeguard—the free discussion and understanding of all matters of public difference. Like the spy-hands of some despot; the "Assassins" and "Thugs" of the East; the "Sandfestedi," who do the dagger-work of Jesuitism in Italy, or the brotherhood of the Inquisition, they move in the midst of society armed with signs, grips and passes, by which they can rally their forces for whatever deed, unsuspected by the legitimate guards of public safety and justice. We do not mean to say that any secret society exists amongst us for purposes of intentional evil—we only insist that all secret organizations, liable as they are to the presence and influence of evil Spirits, are a perpetual peril to society at large. They encourage counter-similar associations; they divide society; they restrict humanity, and they ignore the power of that Divine Spirit, which, truly cultivated, will accomplish all that man can rationally desire.

The only tolerable secret society we can conceive of is that which organizes, in the name of humanity, to strike down national oppressions and wrongs that can not be reached by open means. In a Republic like ours no such exigency exists, or can exist, until our liberties shall be destroyed by Secret Societies. One such society—the Jesuits—acting in the name of religion, has done more for centuries to prop universal despotism, than all the mere sword-armed barbarians and feudal robbers of the earth. A word more on the practical fruits of the secret society bond, and we are done. The man who has taken a solemn oath to aid his secret craft-fellow, under all circumstances, and in defiance of the dictates of a true sense of public justice and good, has in a measure abjured the social and civil compacts and laws of the land. He is ready to betray public interest, and lay it a sacrifice on the altar of his secret society. Upon a jury, or on the witness-stand, he can not be true to his secret oath and yet disregard the secret sign that may come to him from the criminal's box. Even if he means to serve justice, his judgment will be tempered by the ties of secret fellowship. And thus, in every exigence, that mystic sign may serve its possessor, to aid him where better men stand helpless and condemned.

The Farmington Convention of Spiritualists.

A Convention of Spiritualists met, pursuant to a previous call, at Farmington, Mich., on Saturday and Sunday the 28th and 29th ultimo, and was organized by the appointment of Norton Lapham as President; W. Lyon and D. Noble as Vice Presidents; H. Cornell and Richard Lucas as Secretaries; and H. C. Wright, H. Cornell, Candace Colvin, Sarah M. Seymour, Richard Lucas, and Mariah Noble, as a committee to prepare business. Eight resolutions were introduced and discussed, and passed by a unanimous vote. We see no impropriety in publishing these resolutions at large as expressing the views of *that particular body*. Their publication, however, should, in our judgment, be accompanied with such discriminating remarks as would relieve the mass of Spiritualists from any responsibility for certain doctrines expressed or insinuated in them; but as the responsible editor will be absent from the city for two or three weeks, the temporary incumbent prefers to lay over the matter for his consideration on his return.

The Pathfinder and Spiritualism.

THE *New York Pathfinder*, whose editor, John F. Whitney, some months ago, published a recantation of Spiritualism, from which considerable capital was made by the anti-spiritualistic Press, still so far countenances Spiritualism as to publish a report of one of Bro. Harris' lectures delivered in Dedworth's Hall, June 1.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

It is with a feeling of pleasure mingled with sadness that we give place to the following Appeal from many distinguished citizens of the United States in behalf of the great and good LAMARTINE, who as a patriot, a statesman, and an author, has rendered himself illustrious wherever incorruptible virtue and exalted genius are duly respected. Lamartine has made the French language—so often perverted by other authors to base uses—the vehicle of whatever is vital in principle, and beautiful in sentiment. Many imperishable thoughts are embalmed in his books, and his own noble deeds fill one of the brightest pages in the history of his country. Wherever the French and English languages are spoken, many hearts have been warmed, thrilled and purified by his inspired words, while his gentleness, his genius, and above all his spotless integrity, have not failed to excite the admiration of thousands. His character shines with a luster almost divine in contrast with the shadows which despotism and the corruptions of fashionable society have let fall on the national name and character of France. The deeds and memories which cluster around the name of Lamartine are worth far more, even to a poor man, than the scepter of the Emperor.

We hope that the numerous readers of this journal will carefully peruse the accompanying Appeal, and that their interest in the subject may not terminate with the reading. Something should be done to lighten the burden which now rests with crushing force on one who has labored so long and so disinterestedly for mankind. Shall one of the purest and noblest of men, who was always a true lover of his kind and an ardent admirer of our republican institutions, be thus neglected and permitted to sink at last under the accumulated weight of years and misfortunes, without one effort to shield and uphold him in the hour of his greatest need? For the sake of the American character and for the honor of mankind, we trust not. The man who himself could never be indifferent when Humanity petitioned for relief or redress, who nobly recognized the principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, who ventured to act on them in a great public emergency, and who was, withal, too pure to improve his fortunes by using the facilities afforded by his great personal influence and an exalted public station, must neither be left to stand nor to fall alone. The sober autumn of his life has come; its winds have rudely swept over life's sea, blasting his hopes and obscuring the light that once gilded the horizon of his future. Shall he be left to go down with the wreck of his fortunes? This is the question which must be decided by the response to the following

APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

We have heard with the liveliest fellow-feeling, that the illustrious ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE calls across the Atlantic to the lovers of Literature in the United States, to take part with him in his struggle with the evil days on which he has fallen.

In a letter to one of us he writes:

"Great reverses of fortune have come upon me since 1848, and above all in these latest times; I make head against them by labor."

"In behalf of this literary labor, I have recourse to your countrymen. Give me aid and introduce me among them. Success is for me an affair of life or death."

No words of others could touch the heart of the public like this ingenuous appeal from a man who ever judged it inconsistent with his honor to accept emoluments or favors from monarchical governments which he could not approve, but deems it right to look for help from the voluntary subscriptions of a free people to his productions as an author. This confession of hard necessity comes from a man who, as a poet, orator, legislator, historian and statesman has united in himself more varied claims to distinction than any public man of our century. He may justly look for sympathy, for it is the unanimous testimony of those who know him well, that while his own manner of living has all the regularity and simplicity of a man of exemplary industry, it has been the habit of his life to feel for and relieve the sorrows of others; to do good to those who were sick and suffering and in want, according to his means and often beyond his means.

When his glowing words, his personal intrepidity, and his love for progressive liberty caused him to be borne by acclamation to the highest place of authority in the most powerful nation of the continent of Europe, it is a matter of history that he sought to use his popularity and the vantage ground of his station, not to usurp a dictatorship for himself, but to constitute France a republic. Holding high, and for a time irresponsible power, he retired from office, poor and with such spotless integrity that not even his enemies breathed a reproach on the purity of his administration in its relation to his personal fortunes.

A lover of peace and of his fellow men, he seized the very moment of the highest excitement of political revolution, to repress the disposition for war, and in the name of the French people to utter an ineffaceable protest against shedding blood for political offenses.

Nor may we forget that, twenty-two years ago, when the United

States pressed upon France its claim of indemnity for wrongs, and the two countries were for a season so arrayed against each other, that the indulgence of national passion might easily have provoked a conflict, he saw that the demand of America was indisputably right, and rising superior to the sensitiveness of his countrymen, combated the opinions of some of those whose friendship he valued most, and by his manly eloquence essentially contributed to the settlement of the controversy on the basis of impartial justice.

But it is not by reminiscences of his public career that Lamartine asks for sympathy. He tells us himself that he wraps the obscurity of private life around him like a mantle, and entangled by no connections with government, he comes before us exclusively as a man of letters. Wherever his plan is made known, we find it is received with great favor; and we earnestly hope that the result may be such as to cheer the great man in his solitude, and lighten the intensity of his distress.

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| WASHINGTON IRVING. | J. D. BROWN, President of the United States Senate. |
| GEORGE BANCROFT. | W. P. BARBER, Speaker of the U. S. H. of Representatives. |
| WILLIAM C. BENTLEY. | WINDFORD SCOTT, Com-in-Chief U. S. Army. |
| EDWARD EVERETT. | LEWIS CAMP, United States Senator. |
| W. H. FERRISS. | J. J. CUFFEY, United States Senator. |
| HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. | JOHN BLEWELL, United States Senator. |
| GEO. TICKNOR. | HENRY MARSHALL, U. S. House of Representatives. |
| JAMES WALKER. | WILLIAM H. NEWARD, United States Senator. |
| JAMES SPARKS. | R. TUCKER, United States Senator. |
| C. C. FELTON. | J. P. BENDIS, United States Senator. |
| RICHARD B. KIBBELL. | W. W. BOYCE, U. S. House of Representatives. |
| CHARLES KING. | HAMILTON FARR, United States Senator. |
| GEO. P. MORRIS. | JAMES C. JONES, United States Senator. |
| N. PARKER WILSON. | ALFRED DEXTER, United States Senator. |
| FITZ-GREEN HALLOCK. | JAM. M. MARSH, United States Senator. |
| L. AGASSIZ. | GEO. R. TROSBROOK, United States Senator. |
| A. D. BAKER. | ALEX. H. STEPHENS, U. S. House of Representatives. |
| JOSEPH HENRY. | L. F. S. FOSTER, United States Senator. |
| DUDLEY BRAN. | CHARLES DEWEY, United States Senator. |
| E. C. WINTHROP, late Speaker of the House of Representatives. | A. C. M. FERRISS, U. S. House of Representatives. |
| | JACOB BROWN, U. S. House of Representatives. |
| | CHARLES E. BRIDGES, United States Senator. |

AT MESSRS. D. APPLETON & COMPANY'S, PUBLISHERS,
346 and 348 Broadway, New York.

Sir—I take the liberty of sending you the above document. Nothing can be added to the force of the Appeal. A few details as to the plan and form of publication are all that it will be necessary for me to attend to.

The work for which Lamartine asks of the people of the United States an intellectual hospitality is entitled, "A Familiar Course of Literature." It will embrace all ages and countries.

I have visited America to organize a national subscription to this work. The character of my mission is defined in this extract from a letter of Lamartine to Mr. Bancroft: "I introduce to you one of my best friends, Mr. J. B. Deplace, who, out of pure affection for me, visits America solely for the purpose of forwarding my interests."

The "Familiar Course of Literature" is the invocation by a man of genius, of the great intellects which have enlightened the world. It is the essence of the studies, the meditations, and the judgments of the whole life of Lamartine.

The warm sympathy with which the first announcement of this publication was received in the United States, far from diminishing, has continued to increase. The ladies of America feel a pleasure in displaying their gratitude toward a poet who in singing the blessings of a pure and holy love, strengthens, their sweet and salutary influence over the ruler sex, and thus contributes to the elevation of social morals. Mothers feel happy at being able to place in the hands of their children models of French style, without the apprehension of danger to their innocence. They know that Lamartine is a writer of spotless purity, and that he observes naturally the precept of the Latin poet, "Maxima debetur puero reverentia." The clergy of all denominations have not hesitated to accord to him their powerful support, because Lamartine, in addressing himself to the spiritual part of men's natures, in transporting their minds into the region of the *beau idéal*, predisposes them to religion, and leads them, as it were, to the threshold of the sanctuary. In fine, and above all, the Republic founded by the immortal Washington, enthusiastic and generous like Youth, prizes the honor of showing to ancient Europe that Lamartine, with the triple crown of virtue, genius and misfortune has not appealed in vain to the great American nation.

The *Familiar Course of Literature* will be composed annually of twelve monthly numbers of about eighty pages each, making for one year two fine volumes of five hundred pages each, in octavo, with the portrait of the author. It will be written exclusively by Lamartine. There will be one edition in French and one in English. For greater convenience, and to avoid the irregularities of arrival from Europe, the *Familiar Course of Literature* will be sent Quarterly to Subscribers—that is, three numbers at once. The first issue in the United States will take place early in September; it has already been commenced in France.

The amount of the subscription is \$5 a year, payable in advance. No subscription will be taken for less than one year.

Those desiring to subscribe will please address their names and subscription (*Post paid*) to M. J. B. DEPLACE, at the Messrs. D. Appleton's 346 and 348 Broadway, New York. They will be good enough to specify, at the same time, whether they wish for the *Familiar Course of Literature* in French or in English. They are requested to send in their subscriptions as soon as convenient, so that they may be included in the September delivery.

I solicit from you, sir, a sympathetic co-operation to this national subscription, and remain,

JULY, 1856.

Respectfully yours,

J. B. DEPLACE.

New-York Conference.

HELD IN BROOKER'S ASSEMBLY ROOM, BROOKER-STREET,
New York, July 3, 1856.

MR. OWEN, raised the question as to the tests by which mortals can identify Spirits.

Dr. GRAY maintained that the *one* of life is hid in Omnipotence, and can not be discerned by man; therefore that the evidences of identity are manifestational. He affirmed that the manifestations of each Spirit and mortal are peculiar and distinguishable from the manifestations of any other Spirit or mortal, and that we are to know them by these peculiarities. He did not think that Spirits *show* the bodies of persons to the exclusion of their own Spirit, but that the two by agreement coalesce for certain purposes, such as physical manifestations or utterances.

As an evidence of identity, Dr. Gray referred to a manifestation related in our recent Conference by a gentleman from New Jersey. A lady had, during some of the last days of her earth-life, marked out a peculiar pattern of needle-work and executed it with her own hand on a collar, and afterward died. After writing a communication to her husband, she used the medium's hand to make a *fac simile* of her original drawing to which she called his particular attention as a test of her identity.

Dr. HALLOCK said we did not know, for example, that the planets are inhabited except by collateral facts which sometimes constitute the most satisfactory evidence. He said he visited his sister one evening and found her, with others, trying to induce a medium present to seat herself at the tea table. The medium constantly replied that she was willing to do so, but that something fastened her to the sofa and she could not get up. They left her with the doctor, and the latter entered into conversation with her. Presently she saw and described a Spirit, which the doctor recognized as his brother who died in Utica in 1847. After the Spirit had made a communication the medium was relieved, and got up and walked quickly into the room where the other persons were at tea, and as she entered the room her countenance and appearance changed, and she spoke quick and joyously and said, "Mary, have you got plenty of bread and butter?" This brother in his earth-life was noted for his fondness of bread and butter, and the family would frequently joke him in respect to this propensity; and previous to seating himself at the table he would often speak those words in the manner this medium uttered them. This was a test of his identity which all the friends at once recognized, and he felt bound to believe it was his Spirit that communicated to him and uttered the above words.

Mr. BROWN thought Jesus knew what was in man, and might have distinguished individuals and Spirits by an interior process and independent of their manifestations; and he thought all men would ultimately be developed into that plane. He supposed the church had no idea that man would arrive at the point where he would be able to do all things that Jesus did. He coincided, however, with the idea Dr. Gray had presented, that Spirits may be known by their manifestations. He thinks that if persons exercise their reason in the investigation and interpretation of these phenomena, they will exert a holy influence on their lives and conversation. He thinks Spiritualism is destined to reform and elevate mankind, and if it does not he will think it a failure.

Dr. GRAY did not wish to be understood as questioning the existence and intercourse with Spirits, but he thought man would never see Spirit, but its manifestation only.

Mr. FANSTON asked how is it that we know anything to a certainty? He then went on to explain and illustrate the office of the external senses. He argued that they could not know anything of themselves—that they are mere channels of information to a more interior depth of the soul; that they are mere reporters of existences in the world without; that they have sometimes been known to lie, and that hence, although it may always be safest to believe them, they never can be trusted with a confidence that is absolute and complete. His eye and his sense of touch for instance, reported to him that he held his hat in his hand. These senses might both bring a false report—he under some illusion; but although their report could not be regarded as establishing an *absolute* and *final* certainty, there were two things which he regarded as matters of most positive knowledge, viz., first, a conscious impression in his soul corresponding to the outstanding hat; and secondly, the fact that that impression was not self-originated in the soul, but was superinduced upon it from some foreign source of influence. Upon the basis of these postulates, Mr. F. proceeded to argue the superior reliability of those spiritual impressions that may be, and sometimes are, made directly upon the interior consciousness, and thus become as it were parts of the soul itself.

Mr. PARTRIDGE did not know of any such superior process of obtaining knowledge as Mr. Fishbough had indicated. He did not pretend to know anything which has not been observed by himself or others through the external senses which Mr. F. repudiates as unreliable. He was not aware that there was any mode of getting images of outer objects or other knowledge into souls, except through the mediation of these unreliable senses, as Mr. F. calls them, and it seemed to him folly to talk about the reliability of the soul's sensations if there is no reliance to be placed on the mediums for conveying these sensations to the soul.

Mr. F. rejoined, that Mr. P. had misunderstood him. It was not his intention to "repudiate" the outer senses, as they were the only channels through which the soul could communicate with the external world. His main object was to show their indirectness and fallacy as means of judging of internal things, or things properly spiritual. After some further discussion upon this point, which was participated in by a number of individuals, the meeting adjourned.

Original Communications.

TO LECTURERS AND PHYSICIANS.

We believe that the writer of the following letter is the post-master in the town where he resides. As his communication may in some way serve the interest of Spiritualism, or the cause of Humanity, we give it publicity.—Ed.

DANBY FOUR CORNERS, RUTLAND CO., VT., July 7, 1856.

Sir—I suppose every man who makes himself acquainted with the claims of modern Spiritualism, (as it is called,) can not avoid hoping at least it will yet be demonstrated to be true; for it is the most beautiful theory of man and his future that can possibly be offered. I have been trying to make myself acquainted with it as much as is possible from reading, with the hope and expectation that I should yet be satisfied of its realities; for if true it must yet penetrate even this dark corner of the world. I have not seen or heard any manifestations, and I do not personally know a single medium. I have occasionally heard that this or that person was a medium, but upon making the proper examination, they have proved to be persons, so far as I know, whose love of notoriety and marvellousness, was much stronger than their love of truth. With such examination as I am able to give the subject, I certainly can see nothing in it incompatible with such laws of Nature as are already known; and instead of its undermining religion, I do not see how any rational religion can exist without it. I can now understand much of the Bible (or at least I think so) that without its aid appears dark, and in some cases absurd; and I can not for my life understand the opposition of the clergy, unless they suppose it will destroy their occupation, and this would at least imply that very few of them are honest, and that they prefer their present system to the real welfare of the world.

As to the mystery of it, I can see no more than I see in the growth of a tree, or in the operation of many other laws of Nature; yet to make my faith worth anything, I must experience what others say they have—*actual manifestations*. Now if I have any right to judge others by myself, I must think that those who believe it to be a *reality*, and regard it in any other light than as a means of making money—should have a holy zeal to spread a knowledge of the science throughout the world, as much so as the apostles had in their days to spread the doctrines of Christ. From what I read I conclude there are many men who are making that their business, and for any such, I do not see why this section of country is not an open field.

I have heard of no lectures about here, except two or three from a lady (Miss Sprague) and those it seems to me were not the proper ones to commence with. True, I was not able to hear them, but was told by several present that one was upon freedom—on truth and progression—all good subjects, but more proper where the people have been instructed of what Spiritualism claims, and have come to understand its first and general principles. If any gentleman should wish to make the attempt, it would be a good rout to start from Troy, N. Y., come to North Bennington, Vt.; from there he could go to East Bennington (four miles) which is a large village; then on the Western Vt. Railroad to Shaftsbury, nine miles; to Arlington, six or seven miles; then to Manchester, a half shire town of Bennington county, eight miles; to Dorset, six miles; to Danby, six miles; from Danby to Danby Four Corners, by carriage, four miles, then back to Danby; thence to Wallingford, nine miles; thence to Rutland, a large village, nine miles. From Rutland he could go east to Bellows Falls, and on to Boston; or north to Burlington and Canada, or to Ogdensburg; or west from Rutland to Castleton, a good village, where there is a musical college, and take the road through Poultney, Granville, Salem, Union Village, and to Troy; or he could keep on from Castleton to Whitehall and to Troy, on the Saratoga Road.

If a competent lecturer should choose to visit this place we would send a carriage to the station for him, by having seasonable notice, and return him again to the road. As to providing in the expenses and something reasonable for his time, I have no doubt it would be done, but I would not guarantee any sum for I am not a man of wealth. I was told they gave Miss Sprague in this town \$15, and I suppose the towns I have named contain as liberal men as other towns in general. I have no doubt but there would be large audiences any time, unless in haying time, when the farmers are all busy.

I do not know of but threenumbers of your paper taken in

this town; but the office from which they are taken is four miles from this. I am taking the *New England Spiritualist*. I see in my paper that a Mr. Clark and Dr. Fellows had cured a case of illness of twelve years standing in a short time. I have a sister so deaf that she does not hear common conversation. I should be very glad if she could be cured or even made better, and for which I would make a fair compensation. Can you inform me if it is necessary for her to be present? or can the Doctor tell, without seeing her, whether it is a curable case or not? As I am writing in good faith, perhaps I should state that I am a physician, but have never attempted to treat this case much, for the reason that I did not know what to do. If Dr. Fellows is a scientific man he will readily understand why I do not venture on a treatment myself. My opinion is that the cause of her deafness is paralysis of nerves, as no disorganization can be discovered. If she could be cured it would be a great satisfaction to us. If there is any such thing as exerting a magnetic or electrical influence, it seems to me this would be a proper case for such treatment. If you have no time to answer such inquiries as the above, perhaps the Doctor would be good enough to answer.

Respectfully yours,

G. J. LOCKE.

DISCLOSING SECRETS.

SOME time since we received a sealed package from a gentleman in Texas (a stranger to us) with a request that it be delivered to some one for psychometrical or clairvoyant inspection. Mr. Partridge, accordingly, delivered the same to the Agent of Mrs. French, and the result of her examination is communicated in the subjoined correspondence.—Ed.

No. 443 BROADWAY, May 26, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON:

Gentlemen—You will doubtless remember handing me, some weeks since, a small coarse brown envelope, carefully and securely sealed. This package had been forwarded to you by a Texas correspondent with the request that you submit it to a reliable clairvoyant medium for a delineation of character and diagnosis of disease, without opening the package. There was upon the paper no mark; no possible clue was given as to age, sex, color, or condition.

I handed it to Mrs. French on the 16th of April, and wrote out all she said, and forwarded it to Dr. Peebles, inclosing to him also the unbroken package. Your correspondent was an entire stranger to Mrs. French; great pains had been taken to conceal the sex, color, etc.; and besides, the package had passed through many hands before reaching Mrs. French, and to this fact she alluded when in the clairvoyant state, saying "I have never found it so difficult to see clearly, and to my entire satisfaction as in this case." The answer of Dr. Peebles just received, and which I herewith submit, is, under the circumstances, very interesting and significant of the power of clairvoyance or *Spirit sight*, to detect and point out disease even under the most difficult and embarrassing circumstances. I presume the Doctor will make no objection to the use of such portions of his letter as you may think proper to quote in evidence of this important phase of Spiritualism.

Very truly yours,

T. CULBERTSON.

ROCK ISLAND, P. O., AUSTIN CO., TEXAS.

PLEASANT HILL PLANTATION, May 10, 1856.

MR. T. CULBERTSON, NEW YORK:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 16th April, giving the result of Mrs. French's examination of a sealed package, containing a lock of hair, forwarded by me in February last to Messrs. Partridge and Britton, was received last week.

It was from the head of a negro boy (slave), about twenty years old, of just about the moral character she found in him. His malady, which might be called *congenital*, is strange and interesting in its origin and characteristics. A short time before his birth, his mother was bitten by a small "ground rattlesnake" upon the inner part of her leg, producing the usual fright, pain, swelling, etc., but continuing only for a few days. When the child was born, the image of said snake was distinctly graven upon the same part of his leg, very angry, red and painful. Emollient poultices were effectual in the removal of the distressful symptoms for the time being, though the mark of the serpent still endures, and may be ever will. From then till now, at irregular periods—perhaps a dozen times per annum—the boy suffers most, like he would from the bite of a similar snake. The image becomes more striking in color and outline, and the limb increases greatly in size and sensitiveness. The eyes become red and inflamed (the brain is considerably excited, of course). His features assume a demoniacal caste, his consciousness nearly ceases, and at times he appears as I have supposed a *hydrophobic*; must look, though I have never seen him evince any dread of water; but the sight of food is very disgusting to him. I think that during his exacerbations he may be affected *organically*, pretty much as Mrs. French has said, but in the intervals he seems to complain of nothing but the soreness, swelling, and clumsiness of the

limb, all of which seem to decline daily, to the very time of a fresh paroxysm. I know nothing of the affection of his heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, etc., described, though I think it quite probable those organs are more or less implicated in every new accession of the disease, and even now have permanent marks of its virulence and frequency upon them, though I had not thought much about this complicity previously. Since receiving Mrs. F.'s description, I have examined the boy more critically than I had ever before done. In fact, during the paroxysm, if violent, there is no chance for much minute investigation of latent symptoms, and when it is off he does not remember much about his particular causes of suffering. I have found out though now, which I did not know or suspect before, that his tonsils and submaxillary glands are very much affected at such times (as she has said), and that he has great pain between the shoulders, down the spine, in the loins, etc.; and although he complains of no irritativeness in the stomach or alimentary canal, I should think, from general appearance, that these symptoms are commonly present during his severest attacks. He is not sensible of any inflammatory actions in the kidneys, neither does he know of any pain or suppression of urine, though he admits that his urine becomes more *ropy* and high-colored as he approaches a paroxysm.

It is proper to add that the hair was cut from his head during one of his severe attacks, when he could tell nothing verbally of his situation.

Taken as a whole, her diagnosis is as complete, and even more so, than I could have made it out myself. She has omitted nothing in the symptomatology of the least importance, so far as I know, but has suggested much that I think quite probable, and which I will try to determine, should the disease ever recur under suitable conditions for the examination. * * *

Respectfully yours,

B. R. PEEBLES.

DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.

IN THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH for the 28th of June last, I observe a series of misapprehensions respecting my motives and opinions by a well meaning writer, under the signature of F. J. B., a person unknown to me.

The actual circumstances must demonstrate that F. J. B., in attributing my opinions to prejudice, alleges of me that which is not true in my case, but is actually true in his own, so as to afford a striking exemplification of the fault condemned by Christ, of leaving the beam in his own eye while pointing out the mote in the eye of a brother.

The first book which I ever owned was a Holy Bible, given to me when aged about six years. Unluckily it was lost; when my mother, observing my consequent deep regret, gave me another. Surrounded by those who treated the book reverentially, my mother a sincere Episcopalian, I naturally became imbued with the sentiment, unsolicited by my parents and schoolmaster who put the Bible in my hands as one of my school books. Hence it was not without many conflicts between my *educational* conscience and my reason, that I formed opinions unfavorable to the divinity of its origin, or its moral tendency. Every one educated as an orthodox Christian must be thus painfully affected, when objections to the validity of Scripture are perceived. My anti-scriptural opinions have been formed in despite of prejudice derived, not in obedience to prejudice. This word, from *pre* before, and *judice* (to judge) implies a judgment formed before due examination. Evidently this can not have taken place in my case in judging of Scripture; but F. J. B., educated as I was, must have the same repugnance to such of my opinions as conflict with his educational conscience as they did with mine, having had his intellectual vision more or less dressed up by his nurse, his parents, his pedagogue and priest.

As respects my allusion to Confucius, a mountain is made of a mole-hill. It conveyed no more than my approval of one of the precepts attributed to Confucius—"Return good for good—for evil justice." It was not my intention to convey the idea that Confucius had the merit of originating the precept, since it is one which men have acted upon always in their legislation, and by no being is represented as more rigidly enforced than by Jehovah. It is impossible, either upon the earth or in heaven, to return good for evil. The wrong doer can not be treated as one who does right.

But if, in the opinion of F. J. B., it is requisite to establish the authenticity of the writings ascribed to Confucius, before applauding his precepts, I call upon this critic to perform this office for Moses, Abraham and others—whose authority he would put upon a footing with that which Spiritualists have obtained from the inhabitants of the Spirit-world. Let him show how the believers in Scripture can refute the evidence against its authenticity afforded by some of its own pages. In order to enforce this claim, I here quote the account of the finding of the books of Moses, by Hilkiah, the priest, three hundred and fifty years after the reign of David.

2 Chron. 34; 2 Kings, 22—"And when they brought out the money that was brought into the house of the Lord, Hilkiah the priest found a book of the law of the Lord given by Moses. And Hilkiah answered and said to Shaphan the scribe, I have found a book of the law in the house of the Lord. And Hilkiah delivered the book to Shaphan. And Shaphan carried the book to the king, and brought the king word back again, saying, All that was committed to thy servants, they do it. And they have gathered together the money that was found in the house of the Lord, and have delivered it into the hands of the overseers, and to the hand of the workmen. Then Shaphan the scribe told the king, saying, Hilkiah the priest hath given me a book. And Shaphan read it before the king. And it came to pass when the king had heard the words of the law, that he rent his clothes. And the king commanded Hilkiah, and Ahikam the son of Shaphan, and Abdon the son of Micah, and Shaphan the scribe, and Asaiah a servant of the kings, saying, Go, inquire of the Lord for me, and for them that are left in Israel, and in Judah, concerning the words of the book that is

found; for great is the wrath of the Lord that is poured out upon us, because our fathers have not kept the word of the Lord, to do after all that is written in this book. And Hilkiah, and they that the king had appointed, went to Huldah the prophetess, the wife of Shallum the son of Tikvath, the son of Harash, keeper of the wardrobe; (now she dwelt in Jerusalem in the college,) and they spake to her to that effect. And she answered them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Tell ye the man that sent you to me, Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I will bring evil upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the book which they have read before the king of Judah: because they have forsaken me, and have burned incense unto other gods, that they might provoke me to anger with all the works of their hands; therefore my wrath shall be poured out upon this place, and shall not be quenched. And as for the king of Judah, who sent you to inquire of the Lord, so shall ye say unto him, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel concerning the words which thou hast heard; because thy heart was tender, and thou didst humble thyself before God when thou heardest his words against this place, and against the inhabitants thereof, and humbledst thyself before me, and didst rend thy clothes and weep before me; I have even heard thee also, saith the Lord. Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, and thou shalt be gathered to thy grave in peace, neither shall thine eyes see all the evil that I will bring upon this place, and upon the inhabitants of the same. So they brought the king word again. Then the king sent and gathered together all the elders in Judah and Jerusalem. And the king went up into the house of the Lord, and all the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and the priests and the Levites, and all the people great and small: and he read in their ears all the words of the book of the covenant that was found in the house of the Lord. And the king stood in his place, and made a covenant before the Lord, to walk after the Lord, and to keep his commandments, and his testimonies, and his statutes, with all his heart, and with all his soul, to perform the words of his covenant which are written in this book. And he caused all that were present in Jerusalem and Benjamin to stand to it, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem did according to the covenant of God, the God of their fathers. And Josiah took away all the abominations out of all the countries that pertained to the children of Israel, and made all that were present in Israel to serve, even to serve the Lord their God. And all his days they departed not from following the Lord, the God of their fathers."

This quotation must show that the evidence that any Bible existed before that time rests upon the authority of an obscure priest and a fanatical monarch.

As respects the Gospel, I beg leave to quote the opinion of Bishop Hughes. See my work, § 1144:

"My fourth argument was, that the Protestant rule of faith actually undermines the authority of the Scriptures, by extinguishing the proofs of their *authenticity* and *inspiration*, and consequently terminates in moral suicide. Just imagine to yourself an ordinary will or testament, written but twenty years ago, purporting to be the last will and testament of a wealthy deceased relative, and designating you as *heir*, but without either signature or probate, and ask yourself what it would be worth? Could such a document establish its own authenticity? And yet this is precisely the situation to which the Protestant rule of faith reduced the Scriptures, by which, and by which alone, their authenticity could have been established. St. Augustine, of whom Presbyterians are sometimes wont to speak with respect, declared that it was the testimony of the church which moved him to believe in the Scriptures. But *now* the order of belief is 'reformed.' Men pick up (pardon the phrase) the sacred volume, as they find it floating on the sea of two thousand years, and by one great but *gratuitous* act of belief, which flings all intermediate church authority and tradition to the winds, they say, the Bible is the Bible, and we are its interpreters, every man for himself."

To this Mr. Breckenridge, then in controversy with Mr. Hughes, rejoins, 1148-9:

"The unwarrantable liberties of your church with the word of God show her fallible to a deplorable degree.

"Your rule, if observed, requires implicit faith in the decretals and interpretations of fallible men, which is subversive of the very nature and end of religion in the soul. Faith supposes knowledge, conviction on evidence, and trust in God, founded on a belief of divine truth; but your rule requires unconditional submission to the dicta of the church in the lump. The '*carbonari fides*,' or faith of the collier, is the very faith required. It is as follows: When asked, 'What do you believe?' he answered, 'I believe what the church believes.' 'What does the church believe?' Ans. 'We both believe the same thing.' This is the grand catholicon for believing everything, without knowing anything. In this soil grew the maxim that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion.' It is believing by proxy, or rather not believing at all, in the true sense. Here is the secret of the unity of your church."

Can it be ascribed to prejudice that I concur with both Hughes and Breckenridge as respects what each urges against the other, or that I hold the reasons which can be used either for Koran or Bible worthless for either.

Agreeably to the account above given of the finding of the Bible, the so-called word of God has reached us through a questionable channel. [TO BE CONTINUED]

WASHINGTON IRVING, in his beautiful Affection for the Dead, says: "Go to the grave of buried love and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endowment unregarded. Console thyself if thou canst with this simple, yet futile tribute of regret, and take warning by this thine unavailing sorrow for the dead, and hence-forward be more faithful.

A CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

TO MRS. EMILY A. WALL, FROM HER SPIRIT CHILD, IDA.

MRS. E. A. ATWELL, MEDIUM.

Before my infant feet had trod,
Upon the thorny paths of life,
My soul had passed away to God,
Far, far removed from pain and strife.
Down by the side of the crystal river
I bathe in the waters of life forever.

Weep not, dear mother, weep not for me,
Let no tear in silent sadness flow,
Weep not, dear mother, oh! not for me,
One bitter grief I ne'er can know.

Weep not, that you no longer press
My tiny hand, to thee so dear,
No longer feel my soft caress,
My much loved voice no longer hear.

Oh! mother dear, could you but hear
The golden harps around me singing,
You would not shed a single tear,
But join the songs that we are singing;

And could you see the shining trains
Who meet us at the crystal gates,
And lead us o'er the golden plains,
To where our God and Savior waits.
'Twould make you wish from earth to flee,
And seek this radiant home with me.

Sweet mother, father, brothers dear,
All, all whom I do fondly love,
In patience I will wait you here,
Until we meet above.

About your path, with watchful eye,
Will I, your guardian-angel fly;
And when you shed the latest tear,
When all the cares of life are o'er,
How gladly will I meet you here,
Where pain and grief are known no more,
Where kindred ties no more are broken,
And parting words are never spoken.

Then down by the side of the crystal river
We will sing by the streams of life forever.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

WHAT is it? Of what does it consist? Wherein does it differ from Orthodoxy? I have been asked these questions very frequently of late. A learned Doctor in the Calvinistic Church once asked us to "establish it, and then he would take a look at it." I concede to Davis, the clairvoyant, the merit (if it be one) of the paternity of the name, but its principles are traced as far back as Plato, the earliest *great thinker* that we have any account of.

It is amplified and illustrated in *many words*, but its principles can be stated in very few; and it has for its basis the only *exact science* that is yet known—and that is mathematics.

Assuming as a starting point, the mathematical axiom, THAT TWO PARALLEL LINES CAN NEVER MEET, and hence by corollary, THAT NO TWO TRUTHS CAN BE ANTAGONISTIC, we have now two systems claiming precedence, viz., God as manifested in *Nature*, and God as manifested in *Revelation*. God in Nature is direct; God in Revelation is mediatorial; therefore, that which was *direct* claims precedence over that which is *mediatorial*. Then the latter must be tried by the former. This is, as I understand it, the *rock* on which the Harmonial Philosophy builds, and in comparison with which St. Peter's is but a grain of sand.

But how shall we try Revelation by this standard? Do we know enough of the laws of nature to state positively wherein the conflict lies? It is true that we do not know *all* nature's laws, but we do know some which clearly conflict with Revelation, to such an extent indeed that well-posted Theologians concede that the Bible is not a revelation of scientific (or nature's) truths, but of *moral truths*. It may be truly said that they have been driven to this position by the force of discoveries in Nature which directly contradict Revelation; for in any sense the admission is fatal to the whole *as such*. What moral truth is taught in the Bible that is either new or divine? Be good, and I will reward; do ill, and I will punish you, is the whole of it. Shall it be said that we could never have learned this without God revealing it in the Bible. Why, the whole earth has known it for centuries; yet I am not aware that one-fourth part ever heard of the Bible. Plato taught the immortality of the soul, and Confucius delivered the Golden Rule to his followers centuries before Christ appeared on the earth; and Mr. Partridge may as well ask John Lord what, then, is new and true in the Bible, as he to ask Mr. P. what is new or true in Spiritualism. They are old truths made new by being brought to the test of our senses. A man may believe anything just as he was taught; but *facts* never tell different stories. The sides of a triangle are equal all the world over.

JOHN SCOTT.

THIS "brushy fork pilot" and spiritual medium still continues to do wonders. I have attended his rooms every morning for a week past, and have seen and tested for myself. Reports have been industriously circulated that he had lost his power, etc., but I can not find any evidence of it. He has now two extra rooms and an assistant, one John Cotton (whilome a carpenter), who has, for some things, more healing

power than Scott. Cotton excels in sore eyes, etc., while Scott is almost infallible in a class of diseases that most generally affect women. They have as much practice as they can well attend to, and are well enough remunerated, though now as well as formerly, the poor are healed gratis.

He has patients from all parts of the country drawn to him by his already wide-spread reputation.

I find there every day Mr. Black, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Snowden, of Brownsville, Pa., both of whom have exhausted *medical skill*, and are getting better under his treatment. Mr. Black has cancer in the left eye (entirely gone) and Snowden is very deaf. Should they recover I will record it. But the moving cause of this letter is something which is pronounced *new*. Whether it is or not I can not say, but it is certainly new to come from an uneducated Mississippi pilot.

Scott relates that sitting one day quietly, his interior were opened and he saw all the changes which a female went through from conception to delivery. At four months and four days, he saw the atmosphere descending through a hole in the right side of the skull—descend into the interior of the child—when the child moved and had active life. Thence passing through the lungs, the atmosphere passed out of another hole in the left side of the skull, and so continues its circuit in all natural healthy conceptions, and he saw that when these holes are stopped, as they often are by cold, a miscarriage must follow, but he saw that they are easily opened by magnetism.

Now some of our medical men of science denied that the holes were there, and after some time Scott procured a skull which I have examined. *The holes are certainly there*. They are located about the organ of self-esteem—about five-eighths of an inch apart, one on each side of the division and the right one a little in advance of the left. Any woman can easily tell when the action is impeded by the pain in that part of the head; and almost any one can by a few passes of the hand remove the pain and re-open them.

Should a more extended observation and experiment prove this theory to be a fact, Scott will have done more for the human race than all the doctors that have ever lived; for a man being generated in a harmonious condition will not require to be regenerated.

St. Louis, May 1856.

A. MILTENBERGER.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

GIVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF LEWIS BAKER AND OTHERS.

TEMPLETON, MASS., Saturday Evening, May 2.

AGAIN, at the appointed time, we meet you. We will for the third time congratulate you on your punctuality. How can man perform rightly the duties of this life if he be not punctual? It should be the leading principle of all men to be punctual. Be faithful to man, and it must generally follow that you will be faithful to the cause of God; but if you fail to act truly in his cause, how can we expect that you shall receive the reward of immortal glory? The Bible says, "Do good to one another." For that purpose we were placed upon earth. In assisting our fellow men, and trying to render each other happy, we are doing the service of God. Our lives were for that purpose given, and not to be employed in selfish pursuits. If one of our fellow beings commits an error, do not torment and tantalize him for revenge, but with willing hands and hearts help him to amend his ways in future, by kindness and charity. For without charity nothing can be performed to the glory of our Lord; and it is to his glory that we are to perform our works.

Now, friends, if you are doing wrong, or have been doing wrong, do you not suffer mentally enough to pay you tenfold and more? If you do not reform, just so much you must suffer in our eternal world; for after we leave this corrupt tenement of clay we have a new body to occupy, and as we sin here so must we suffer there. The evil deeds of the earth-life will ever be appearing before you like specters. Live a life of holiness and peace, and you will not meet with such consequences in that world. You can never do too much for the glory of our Lord, who has so wonderfully prepared all things for us by his mysterious and unequalled power. Oh! how can man ask the question, "Is there a God?" Although he is invisible, is there not enough around you to teach you of the Almighty Power who reigns supreme upon earth and in heaven? Does not the very ground that you daily tread upon speak of his wisdom and love for man? Do we meditate and reflect upon his earthly gifts for man's happiness and comfort? Then let us live to his honor and glory. Let us work for the salvation of man who will so blindly wander from his wise teachings.

The atmospheric breezes teach you of our Lord; the birds that sing to his praise are all of his creation, and all praise and adore him; should we not much more adore—we whom he created with intellect capable of carrying out his wise intentions? But man perverts the talents given him by his Maker, and applies them for his own selfish purposes instead of using them as God intended them to be used.

Now look to him for strength and grace to guide you along the slippery paths of life, for without his grace you can effect nothing. Ask and it shall be given you. His everlasting love will direct you to eternal happiness.

THE MANNER in which some religious sects estimate their strength, is worthy of particular observation. They make up, and publish an annual *Register* in which the names of the theological combatants are conspicuously recorded—all those who are fairly enlisted and have been faithful in the observance of general orders. Whether the church be strong or weak, depends not on its spiritual powers and graces—not in the triumphs of soul over sense, and the preeminence of great thoughts and god-like deeds—but on the number of members, the size of the meeting house, the dollars and cents in the treasury, and the popularity of the preacher.

Interesting Miscellany.

SLEEPING IN A VOLCANO.

THE following thrilling sketch we extract from "The Adventures of Robert Romane," a remarkable book, published by Phillips, Sampson & Co. Romane, his wife, and the pet bear, make a tour to a volcano, which seems perfectly quiet. They enter the crater, and night overtakes them. "The precipitous walls on every side, entirely bare of vegetation blackened and glazed by fire—the thick and sulphurous vapor that hung about the bottom, and ebbed and flowed lazily at our feet—and the total absence of everything that looked like life, made up altogether the dreariest and most portentous region my eyes had ever seen."

The idea of sleeping in the mouth of a volcano, even though that mouth was open, was anything but agreeable; but there was no help for it, and we prepared to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit. After hesitating a moment between stones and ashes, we finally chose the former, as being much cleaner than the other; and though it must be confessed that our bed was none of the softest, yet we were by this time too well used to that mode of life, to think of uttering a word of complaint. They ate supper and slept; and Mr. Romane dreamed that he was sleeping in the upper story of the Astor House in New York, and that the Astor House in that city was on fire. The narrative then continues:

At that moment I waked from my dream to find it a reality. The rocks, that, when I last saw them, were turning from gray to black under the shadows of evening, were now lit up with a ruddy, fiery glare.

Far beneath, a sea of fire tossed and boiled like some mighty caldron. The surface was dull red, but spouts of white hot lava were continually rising above it, which, turning dark by exposure to the cooler air, fell back again heavily and with a muffled splash into the molten lake. Occasionally a mass much larger than ordinary, would shoot upward to a great height and then bursting with a prodigious noise, scatter its fragments upon every side.

The midnight darkness of the sky contrasted strangely with the burning sea below. The sight was terrible, yet beautiful beyond description.

Notwithstanding the danger we ran of being suffocated by those pestilent fumes, or scorched by the showers of burning lava, a mysterious fascination held us fast to the spot.

The position which we occupied was eminently favorable for obtaining a full and satisfactory view of the whole extraordinary spectacle. We stood upon a projecting crag, from five hundred to a thousand feet above the surface of the lava, upon which we looked down at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. The opposite walls of that vast amphitheater, with their innumerable peaks and hollows, stood out in strange and terrible distinctness. As the flickering flames rose and fell, the solid mountain itself seemed to waver to and fro; then a sudden wreath of smoke would shut everything from our view.

But now the lava, which had hitherto remained stationary at nearly the same level, began to rise with fearful rapidity.

As when—to compare great things with small—a group of children in a farmer's kitchen gathered round a boiling kettle of syrup or molasses, and suddenly the bubbling mass begins to swell, threatening the destruction of their hopes, and one cries, "Take off the kettle!" and another, "Put out the fire!" so, but yet with greater fear and consternation, did Alice and I behold the rising of that fiery flood.

To put out the fire or take off the kettle was equally beyond our power, and our only safety was in flight. But, fast as we fled, the fire followed faster. As often as I paused, to recover my fatigue, and cast a breathless glance behind me, I saw it gaining on us.

We redoubled our exertions—we leaped from one dizzy point to another—we surmounted obstacles that in our cooler moments would have seemed invincible; but still the fire came on, not boastfully, not apparently in any hurry, but slowly, surely, certain of its prey.

There was something indescribably appalling in this cool, deliberate advance, like the forward march of a great army, that, even in the excitement of the charge, seems to break its ranks.

At length, completely exhausted, we sat down upon a broad flat rock, the situation of which rendered all further flight impossible. Before us rose a lofty precipice, while the path behind us was already seized by the pursuing foe. A single glance was enough to show that our fate was sealed.

Already we felt scorching heat upon our faces. The fire had planted its fore feet upon the lower part of the rock. Shudderingly we closed our eyes, and clasped in each other's arms, awaited the final plunge.

We waited, but it did not come. Once more I opened my eyes and looked around me to discover the explanation of this unexpected respite. At first I thought the lava had ceased to rise, but the next moment I saw by the walls of the crater that its progress was still upward.

Why, then, were we not submerged? We were rising with it! The immense fragment of rock on which we rested was of a spongy, porous nature, and floated on the surface of the lava like a cannon ball in a mass of quicksilver. It had already risen half way up the precipice, and in another moment we might step from it upon solid land.

A gleam of hope lighted up my soul at this discovery. But it was as suddenly dissipated. The lava had ceased to flow. What a short time before would have been our safety, was now our ruin. Before that intense heat the large rock was melting like a lump of ice in boiling water. Our fate had only been deferred to protract the period of our suffering. Alice, no longer able to breathe that hot and stifling air, was now happily insensible. But I was glad for her sake. To her the horrors of death were already passed.

The lava rose a little more. The rock tottered, and swayed this way and that, and seemed every moment to sink beneath us. I made a desperate effort to gain the edge of the precipice, but it was just beyond my reach.

All this time Hamlet had been watching our situation with the most evident concern. He had taken a different path from that which we had followed, and had thus got beyond the reach of danger. Instead, however, of continuing his flight up the mountain, he had returned, as if to see whether he could render us any assistance. He witnessed my last ineffectual effort with a howl of despair; but then, as if a new thought had just occurred to him, he flung himself down the precipice, and stood the next moment by my side.

Then standing upon his hind legs, with his fore feet braced firmly against the solid rock, he seemed to invite me thus to make my escape. I lost no time in taking advantage of his friendly aid.

With a sudden and desperate effort I caught Alice in my arms and, mounting upon his shoulders, succeeded in placing her safely upon the rocks above. The bear, relieved from my weight, sprang lightly after us, and at the same instant the rock on which we had been standing settled rapidly to one side, and then, with a sudden surge, sank beneath the surface.

THE HUSBANDRY OF GOD.

Orno, an agriculturist, said one day to his neighbor, Gotthold: "For many years I have observed thy works and thy ways; but one thing seems to me most precious, and yet most strange. Though thy fate has often changed, and though many tribulations and afflictions have come upon thee and thy house, yet are thy countenance, thy words, and thy ways always serene and calm, in the evil days as in the good. Teach me how thou dost accomplish this?"

Then Gotthold answered: "This may be explained in few words. My own calling and daily labor teach me. I have learned to look upon myself and my life as upon a field."

At these words Orno looked at him as though he did not comprehend him, and Gotthold continued: "Behold, my brother, when affliction comes I think of the plow and the harrow, which dig up the soil that the weeds may die, and that the seed may take root. Then I search for the barren spot in my soul and the weeds that may grow in me. These must be destroyed, and that must be cultivated, if any fruit is to grow and prosper. Sometimes I look upon my tribulation as upon a thunder-cloud, which comes on dark and menacing, but afterward brings rain and cools the air; and I think, when it is past, the sun will shine again. Behold, thus I look upon myself and my life as a field. And shall the field say to the husbandman, 'What doest thou?'"

Then said the other: "Thou tellest me of the fruit instead of the root. Tell me, I pray thee, how hast thou attained unto these thoughts and feelings?"

And Gotthold answered and said: "From whence can spiritual gifts come, but from Him who sendeth down rain and sunshine on our fields, and bringeth forth bread from the earth? Behold, we are his field.—*Krummacher.*"

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.—Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy, in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animal into subjection. Show kindness to a dog and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud and flower and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully, where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and brier, would spring up the fir-tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.—*Upham.*

LAMARTINE, the great French author, poet, and patriot, sorrowfully says of himself in a late publication: "Years do not weigh me down, but they reckon me up. I bear more painfully the load of my heart than the load of years. These years, like the ghosts of Macbeth, passing their hands over my shoulder, show me with the finger, not crowns, but a sepulcher, and would to God I were already laid there? I have not within me a smile for either the past or the future; I grow old without posterity in my empty house, all surrounded with the tombs of those I have loved; I can not take a step from my dwelling without striking my foot against one of those stumbling stones of our tenderness or our hopes. There are so many bleeding fibers torn from my heart, still living and buried before me, while this heart within me beats like a time-piece which one has forgotten to take down in abandoning a house, and which still sounds in vacancy the hours that no one counts."—*Wis. Family Messenger.*

THE Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, has been purchased by Madame Polack, the widow of a wealthy banker of the Hebrew persuasion. This lady intends to beautify the place and improve the whole neighborhood at her sole expense. The first thing she did was to plant the whole area with a grove of olive trees, and thus restore it to its original state, from which it derives its name.—*Id.*

A LONG NOSE.—The following incident we had from a friend who knew the party. Deacon Comstock, of Hartford, Conn., is well known as provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which the deacon belongs, as he passed through the congregation every person to whom he presented the bag seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed round before, but no such effects as these had he ever before witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon, seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas! for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked up instead one of those pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the end of every spool, and which read—"Warranted 200 yards long." Such a sign on such a nose, was enough to upset the gravity of even a Puritan congregation.

THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.—A submarine diver from Buffalo descended to the wreck of the Atlantic the other day, at Detroit, and recovered the safe, with its contents, belonging to the American Express Company. The diver was protected by copper armor, and was under water forty minutes. The upper deck of the steamer lies one hundred and sixty feet under water, and far below where there is any current or motion. Everything is therefore exactly as it first went down. When the diver alighted upon the deck, he was saluted by a beautiful lady, whose clothing was well arranged, and her hair elegantly dressed. As he approached her, the motion of the water caused an oscillation of her head, as if gracefully bowing to him. She was standing erect, with one hand grasping the rigging. Around lay the bodies of several others, as if sleeping. Children holding their friends by the hand, and mothers with their babes in their arms were there. In the cabin the furniture was still untouched by decay, and, to all appearance, had just been arranged by some careful and tasteful hand. In the office he found the safe, and was enabled to move it with ease, and took it upon deck, where the grappling irons were fastened on, and the prize brought safely to the light. Upon opening the safe, it displayed its contents in a perfect state of preservation. There was in the safe \$5,000 in gold, \$3,500 in bills of the Government Stock Bank, and a large amount on other Banks, amounting in all to about \$35,000. The papers were uninjured, except that they smelled very strongly of decayed human bodies, as if it had laid for so many years in a coffin with their owner. Of course all this money goes to the persons interested in this wonderful adventure.—*Tribune.*

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN SCINDE.—An interesting pamphlet has lately been published in Bombay by Mr. Bellasis, Collector of Hyderabad, in Scinde, containing an account of his excavations and discoveries on the site of the ancient city of Brahminabad, on a branch of the old bed of the Indus. Tradition affirms that the city—the capital of a Hindoo kingdom to which the tide of Mohammedan invasion had scarcely penetrated—was destroyed by fire from heaven and by earthquake on account of the wickedness of its ruler. The investigations of Mr. Bellasis seem to prove that the place really was destroyed by some terrible convulsion of nature, which probably, at the same time, completely changed the course of the Indus. On no other supposition can a ruin be accounted for that was at once so sudden and so complete. Skeletons were found in every house that was opened and in the streets; some crouched together in corners, and there buried; others crushed flat by a falling weight, the pieces of stone or brick still in some cases buried in the fractured skull. Numerous coins and other valuables have already been discovered, carved figures in ivory, engravings on cornelian and agate, a set of ivory chessmen, and the like. The figures carved on objects connected with religious worship are Buddhist. From the fact of their being unutilized, Mr. Bellasis considers it clear that the iconoclastic Mussulman invaders had not reached, or at least had not permanently annexed, Brahminabad at the time of its destruction, which he conceives to have taken place about A. D. 1020.—*English Paper.*

CUSTOMS OF GERMANS.—The Germans have some very agreeable customs. A writer says: "They have a singular sensitiveness as to money; at least in the handling of it as a thing of transfer, they often show a delicacy quite beyond the finest instincts of other Europeans. For instance, is a lady teacher of any kind to be paid for a quarter's instruction, do you think that the gross and bare money is thrust into the lady's hand, with the request superadded thereto, that she would count it? Delicacy and good breeding forbid! They put the disgraceful commodity into an outside wrapper; this again into an envelope, and then seal it up; they then either send it to the rightful person, or else with the greatest delicacy slip it into her hand while they are talking about something else. "A reduced German lady of the best German family, who had been compelled in this country to make a profession of an accomplishment, and to teach music, told me she was never more inexpressibly shocked than at the unceremonious manner of an American gentleman, on the occasion of her receiving, for the first time in her life, her wages at the end of her first quarter. The cool business-like manner in which he took out his port-monnaie, counted through the bank notes, and handed her a crumpled parcel, requesting her to count it herself to see that all was right, well nigh overcame her."

THREE days of uninterrupted company in a vehicle, will make you better acquainted with another, than one hour's conversation with him every day for three years.